Ile make him glad to seeme *Vincentio*,
And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*,
As if he were the right *Vincentio*.
*Par.* Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God saue you sir.
*Tra.* And you sir, you are welcome,
Trauaile you farre on or are you at the farthest?
*Ped.* Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,
But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,
And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.
*Tra.* What Countreyman I pray?
*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.
*Tra.* Of *Mantua* Sir, marrie God forbid,
And come to *Padua* carelesse of your life.
*Ped.* My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.
*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*
To come to *Padua*, know you not the cause?
Your ships are staid at Venice, and the Duke
For priuate quarrell 'twixt your Duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis maruaile, but that you are but newly come,
You might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.
*Ped.* Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,
For I haue bills for monie by exchange
From *Florence* and must heere deliuer them.
*Tra.* Well sir, to doe you courtesie,
This will I doe, and this I will aduise you.
First tell me, haue you euer beene at *Pisa*?
*Ped.* I sir, in *Pisa* haue I often bin,
*Pisa* renowned for graue Citizens.
*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincentio*?
*Ped.* I know him not, but I haue heard of him:
A Merchant of incomparable wealth.
*Tra.* He is my father sir, and sooth to say,
In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.
*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, and all one,
*Tra.* To saue your life in this extremitie,
This fauor will I doe you for his sake,





And thinke it not the worst of all
That you are like to Sir *Vincenti*
His name and credit shall you vn
And in my house you shall be frien
Looke that you take vpon you as
You vnderstand me sir: so shall you
Till you haue done your businesse
If this be court'sie sir, accept of it.
*Ped.* Oh sir I doe, and will rep
The patron of my life and libertie.
*Tra.* Then goe with me, to ma
This by the way I let you vnderst
My father is heere look'd for euer
To passe assurance of a dowre in m
'Twixt me, and one *Baptistas* daug
In all these circumstances Ile instru
Goe with me to cloath you as bec

*Actus Quartus. Sc*

*Enter Katherina a*

*Gru.* No, no forsooth I dare n
*Kat.* The more my wrong, the
What, did he marrie me to famish
Beggers that come vnto my fathers
Vpon intreatie haue a present alm
If not, elsewhere they meete with
But I, who neuer knew how to intr
Nor neuer needed that I should int
Am staru'd for meate, giddie for l
With oathes kept waking, and with
And that which spights me more th
He does it vnder name of perfect lo
As who should say if I should sleep
'Twere deadly sickenesse, or else pre
I prethee goe, and get me some re

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